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Far aback in the years grown misty,
Far away from the days that be,
Sang a poet of Love and Duty,
Songs that were set to a brave new key.
Trembled the heartstrings as he swept them,
Stirred and trembled at great new words;
Great, but sweet to the ears that listened,
Tender and sweet as the song of birds.

Ever the voice rose high and higher,
Clearer the note and purer the tone;
Wider the thought and deeper the insight,
Year by year as the songs were sown.
Soon the music the earth had girdled,
Every nation had caught the strain;
Echoes sprang from the highest mountain,
Kindred thought from the farthest plain.

Now at last is the singer silent;
All of the Idylls are said and sung:
His voice is lost from the autumn spaces,
The anthem dies on the harp unstrung.
Death's bugle has sounded the final tourney,
The nations listen, both near and far,—
The last great bard world-crowned with laurel,
Worn and weary, has "crossed the bar."

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"One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

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It would indeed be difficult within these, or any reasonable limits, to adequately express Tennyson's claim upon the grateful remembrance of his fellow men, or to estimate, in other than the most general terms, the magnitude of the loss that has made this one of the most fatal months of the century. That he was the greatest English poet of his age is a fact so beyond the reach of cavil that it seems hardly worth taking the trouble to state. In the whole of English literature there are but the names of Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley worthy to be mentioned with his, and the literature of the world can add but few others to the list of such immortals. Tennyson was much more than the poet of the Victorian era, just as Virgil was far more than the poet of the Augustan age. The Englishman, like the Roman, was one of the few supreme masters of poetic expression, and in that fact is the assurance of an influence equally enduring. We may freely admit that he did not, like Pindar, soar to the empyrean, nor, like Dante, put upon record an age of human history; that he did not, like Shakespeare, sound all the depths of the soul, nor, like Hugo, control both the thunders and the lightnings. We may admit all this, but it still remains true that he gave a faultless expression to a wide range of noble thoughts; and no higher praise is known to literary criticism.

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"Upon me flashed
The power of prophesying,"

sings his own Tiresias, and we cannot refrain from finding a personal utterance in the phrase, as well as in this other:

"But for me,
I would that I were gathered to my rest,
And mingled with the famous kings of old,
On whom about their ocean-islands flash
The faces of the Gods."

The prayer has now been granted him; yet at this time of parting,

"When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home,"

we cannot quite control our sorrow, or refrain from

feeling that "sadness of farewell" which he expressly urged should have no place in our hearts. The sense of loss is too recent and too great. In the calmer after-days, perhaps, we may remember that

"Men must endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither,"

we may acquiesce in the view that "ripeness is all," and that Tennyson was ripe for death as few men ever are; we may take heart again when we think that

"The song that helped our father's souls to live,
And bids the waning century bloom anew,"

is ours forever in all its imperishable beauty.

And how wonderfully rich and varied is the legacy that Tennyson has left us! Let us indicate a few of its more salient characteristics,—remembering all the while that in whatever aspect we view the poems, they constitute as a whole the most highly-finished body of work of like volume in our literature. In dealing with the facts of external nature, they show a minuteness and a delicacy of observation that cannot receive sufficient praise. Tennyson's skies and winds and seas, his mountains and fields, his trees and rocks, his birds and flowers, are described with unerring accuracy of sound and color and season. It has been the experience of many a reader of Tennyson to come upon some descriptive verse that has seemed at variance with ordinary observation, and afterwards to see exactly that aspect of nature revealed in fact. Mr. Swinburne offers an illustration of this experience. He is speaking of a verse of "Elaine,"

"And white sails flying on the yellow sea,"

and says: "I could not but feel conscious at once of its charm, and of the equally certain fact that I, though cradled and reared beside the sea, had never seen anything like that. But on the first bright day I ever spent on the eastern coast of England I saw the truth of this touch at once, and recognized once more with admiring delight the subtle and sure fidelity of that happy and studious hand. There, on the dull yellow foamless floor of dense discolored sea, so thick with clotted sand that the water looked massive and solid as the shore, the white sails flashed whiter against it and along it as they fled: and I knew once more the truth of what I had never doubted — that the eye and the hand of Tennyson may always be trusted, at once and alike, to see and to express the truth."

Tennyson's intimate familiarity with the best literature of the world is conspicuous in his work, yet an uncritical reader gets but an imperfect idea of the poet's range among the classics of the past. So entirely has he made his own the thought of his predecessors, so complete has been the process of assimilation, that it would require a closer analytical study than has yet been made to indicate, with any kind of fulness, his indebtedness to others. And, of course, indebtedness in this sense ceases to be a real obligation, for it has always been the prerogative

of genius to restate, in new and beautiful forms of expression, the world's older thought, thus giving it renewed currency and force. The work of illustrating this phase of Tennyson's genius is still to be accomplished, and will call for so rare a combination of scholarship and sympathetic insight that it may long remain undone. In a fragmentary way, it has been attempted, with provisional success, by a number of writers. Mr. Van Dyke's studies of "Milton and Tennyson" and "The Bible in Tennyson" are efforts in this direction. In the latter of these studies we read: "The poet owes a large debt to the Christian Scriptures, not only for their formative influence upon his mind and for the purely literary material in the way of illustrations and allusions which they have given him, but also, and more particularly, for the creation of a moral atmosphere, a medium of thought and feeling, in which he can speak freely and with assurance of sympathy to a very wide circle of readers." Mr. Van Dyke illustrates this thesis by many examples. Of Tennyson's debt to the Greek and Latin classics, much yet remains to be said. Such brief poems as the verses "To Virgil," or the "Frater Ave atque Vale," inscribed to Catullus, might almost be made the subject of separate studies; and none but a profound scholar could unravel the close texture of the "Lucretius," and indicate the inspiration of its every phrase. Upon the idyllic side of his genius, Mr. Stedman has made a careful study of the relations between Tennyson and Theocritus, possibly attaching too much importance to this aspect of the English poet, yet doing his work with insight and thoroughness. But the study of what we may call Tennyson's allusiveness, or better, perhaps, his literary ancestry, has possibilities that are practically inexhaustible, and we may as well leave the subject at this point.

A word remains to be said of Tennyson's social and ethical ideals, of his philosophy of life. It has been too much the fashion to speak of him as merely reflecting the temper of the Victorian epoch. That he has done this is true enough, but it is also true that he has done much more than this. His outlook (at least since the "In Memoriam" period) has extended far beyond the limits of his age, and has grown wider and wider with the advancing years.

"What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?"

he asks in his latest volume of verse; and his answer is ready:

"I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

The matter of his song is that which poetry has found fit in all ages, and the song reflects, not merely the aspirations of a race, but those of all mankind.

The domestic affections and the sanctity of the home, a patriotism not narrowed into selfish disregard of other nations, and a religious feeling too broad to be fettered by any creeds, and too profound to be agitated by the surface-currents of thought,—these are some of his themes. A conservative of the finest type, he was no reactionary, set upon barring the steps of progress. A champion of the existing order only as that order embodies the hard-earned fruits of the long struggle for light and justice, which is England's proudest title to a place in the foremost page of history, his eye was ever keen to perceive "the vision of the world and all the wonder that should be," and his mind ever alert in recognition of the fact that always, in any age not hopelessly stagnant, "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." The liberty which is not license, and the reasonable orderliness of life which accepts law without chafing, and which is alone made really possible by its acceptance of law—"acting the law we live by without fear,"—this is the social ideal which he has persistently proclaimed for more than half a century. The lesson of "Love and Duty," that "all life needs for life is possible to will," and the lesson of the Wellington ode,—

"Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun,"—

are repeated again and again in his work, until we find them in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

"Follow you the Star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine;

Forward till you see the highest Human Nature is divine.

"Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half control his doom—

Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."

The picture of the poet's last hour will long remain engraved upon our memory. The midnight time, the full harvest moon streaming in over the Surrey hills and flooding the chamber with light, the august head, the features calm save for lips that murmured—what other words so fit?—

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,"—

the faces of the mourners stricken with grief and awe as that great soul faded "into the unknown,"—nothing could have been more impressive; nothing could have added to the solemn pathos of the scene. "Quiet consummation have" was doubtless the unspoken prayer of those who loved him best; of the other verse—"And renowned be thy grave"—thought need hardly have been taken; for England could offer nothing less to the poet so lately the greatest of her living sons, than a place beneath the arches of Westminster Abbey.

ERNEST RENAN.

While the mortal remains of Tennyson have found their final resting-place in the abode of England's mighty dead, the remains of Renan, provisionally interred in Montmartre, but await the necessary legislative action to be carried in state to the Panthéon. It is a singular fatality that has simultaneously plunged both England and France into mourning, each for the greatest of its recent writers. For the position of Renan as the first Frenchman of letters since the death of Hugo is incontestable. And yet how different the paths by which the Frenchman and the Englishman attained immortality! The one addressed the world solely in verse; the other, exclusively in prose. The one reached truth by the intuitive processes of the poet; the other, by the minute and laborious investigations of the man of science. This, at least, is what the visible work of the two men reveals, yet perhaps the difference is not so great as it seems; perhaps it is to be largely explained by the fact that one chose to record both the operations and the results, while the other gave expression to the results only.

In Renan we see exemplified the highest type of the modern critical spirit, yet his work presents at the same time that nice balance of emotion and intellect too often destroyed by erudition. With him, neither history nor philosophy was allowed to grow arid, for the springs of feeling never ran dry. It is this that has given him a hold upon contemporary thought unshared by others of equal scholarship. He found the world of men intensely interesting, and he contrived to make his readers share the interest, however seemingly forbidding the gateway by which he approached the study of human affairs. It was by the gateway of philology that he chose to make the approach; but the philologist, in his view, must also be linguist, historian, archaeologist, artist, and philosopher. Upon a foundation of the minutest and most conscientious study of philological details he built up the history of the past, and made it real to us because of the unflinching sympathies that went with the work, and because "*le vif sentiment des époques et des races*," the possession of which he attributed to Thierry, was at least equally his own.

The history, and especially the religious history, of primitive peoples was the principal subject of his study, and the great work to which most of his life was given was a history of the origins of Christianity, supplemented by a history of the people of Israel. This work he lived to complete in both parts; the first, in seven volumes, was finished twelve years ago; of the second, three volumes have appeared, and the remainder is ready for publication. We see, even in our own day, how much clerical antagonism is aroused by the scientific study of the history of Christianity; but the feeling excited thirty years ago, when the first part of Renan's great work was published, was far more general

and more bitter than anything that has been witnessed of late. That first part was the famous "*Vie de Jésus*," a book having some slight faults of taste, but on the whole so beautiful and so reverent that we can only wonder at the bigotry which assailed it. "Why do we write the life of the gods if not to make men love the divine that was in them, and to show that this divine lives yet and will ever live in the heart of humanity?" But clericalism was a force that had to be reckoned with in the France of 1863. It was only the year before, that, for a reference to Jesus of almost Apostolic reverence, contained in Renan's opening lecture as professor of Semitic languages at the Collège de France, his lecture-room had been closed by the government, to remain so, as far as Renan was concerned, for no less than seventeen years.

The religious intolerance that assailed Renan during the years of his early fame has not yet wholly subsided, although it has adopted of late more covert modes of attack, seeking to weaken his influence by discrediting his reputation as a scholar, or, exaggerating the sentimental side of his character, to suggest that he is not to be taken very seriously in anything. Matthew Arnold was, and is still, attacked in a very similar way by English orthodoxy, and, although his scholarship was not comparable with that of Renan, he was as clearly in the right upon all the essentials of the discussion. Both men possessed the art of being playfully serious; both had shafts of the keenest irony at their command; and both contrived to produce in their heavier-witted assailants the same sort of exasperation. Yet readers of "*Literature and Dogma*" and "*God and the Bible*" do not need to be reminded of how wholly Arnold's influence was exerted in favor of the religious temper and of genuine religious belief. How eloquently Renan has acted as the spokesman of religious feeling may be illustrated by many passages. He has the Voltairean weapons at his command, but he does not turn them against religious beliefs. "Voltaire makes sport of the Bible," he says, "because he has no comprehension of the primitive productions of the human mind. He would have made sport of the Vedas as well, and should have made sport of Homer." It is precisely the possession of the historic sense that gives to Renan's treatment of religion a seriousness that no one would now dream of attaching to Voltaire's. Here, for example, is a brief but weighty statement upon this subject:

"False when they seek to demonstrate the infinite, or to give it bounds, or to make it incarnate, if I may use the expression, religions are true when they affirm it. The gravest errors mingled by them with that affirmation count for nothing in comparison with the importance of the truth which they proclaim."

And the following passage gives condensed expression to the whole of Renan's religious teaching:

"I have thought to serve religion by transporting it to the region of the unassailable, away from special dogmas and supernatural beliefs. When these crumble

away religion must not crumble with them, and perhaps the day will come when those who reproach me, as for a crime, with making this distinction between the imperishable basis of religion and its transient forms will be glad to take refuge from brutal attacks within the very shelter that they have scorned."

Like all men in whose psychical organization feeling has its full share, Renan was a man of moods, although not to so pronounced an extent as Carlyle and Ruskin. Like those English contemporaries a teacher in the highest sense of the term, he is also like them in the fact that his teaching does not present absolute consistency. Then the constant necessity of assuming points of view other than his own, forced upon him by the study of those primitive peoples to whose life and thought he gave the largest share of his attention, developed in him a certain form of the dramatic instinct, evidences of which may be found in his historical work no less than in the philosophical dramas of his later years. Both the facts above noted have been fruitful in misunderstandings, to say nothing of those other misunderstandings that always result from a dulness of perception in matters of the most refined literary art. To seize the exact shade of meaning is often essential to any sort of comprehension of Renan's work, and his irony is at times so delicate that a dull reader will often take it for sober earnest. It has been stated more than once, for example, that the tendency of Renan's teaching is towards a material and even sensual view of life. To one who has really penetrated his meaning and caught the essential spirit of his work as a whole, no judgment could be more grotesquely false than this. We have mentioned Carlyle, and in one point Renan's philosophy of life comes close to that of the Sage of Chelsea. What is the object of life? what its inmost purpose? Both men ask these questions again and again, and the answers of both are not dissimilar. Carlyle tells us many times that we have no right to happiness; that something far higher—namely, blessedness—should be the goal of our endeavor. When Renan exclaims, "*Il ne s'agit pas d'être heureux, il s'agit d'être parfait*," what is this but the same doctrine? Material well-being is indeed with most men a necessary condition for the realization of their higher selves, but it must never be taken as an end. Material ameliorations of the human lot "have no ideal value in themselves, but they are the conditions of human dignity and the progress of the individual towards perfection." Again he says: "The wisdom of Poor Richard has always seemed to me a poor enough sort of wisdom." Such a conception of life is simply immoral. "What matters it to have realized, at the close of this brief life, a more or less complete type of external felicity? What really matters is to have thought much and loved much, to have looked with steadfast gaze upon all things, to dare criticise death itself in the dying hour." And then, in one of those eloquent passages of which Renan was as great a master as ever

put pen to paper, and that appeal so powerfully to the intellect because they enlist the emotions upon their side, he breaks into this beautiful rhapsody:

"Heroes of the unselfish life, saints, apostles, recluses, cenobites, ascetics of all ages, sublime poets and philosophers whose delight was in having no heritage here below; sages who went through life with the left eye fixed upon earth and the right eye upon heaven; and thou above all, divine Spinoza, who chosest to remain poor and forgotten the better to serve thy thought and adore the Infinite, how much better you understood life than those who take it to be a narrow problem in self interest, the meaningless struggle of ambition or of vanity! It had doubtless been better to make your God less of an abstraction, not set upon heights so dim that to contemplate him strained the vision. God is not alone in the sky, he is near each one of us; he is in the flower pressed by your feet, in the balmy air, in the life that hums and murmurs all about, most of all in your hearts. Yet in your sublime exaltation how much more clearly do I discern the super-sensual needs and instincts of humanity, than in those colorless beings upon whom the ray of the ideal never flashed, and whose lives from their first day to their last, were unfolded, precise and trim, like the leaves of a book of accounts!"

BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. His early education was at home and at the village school. While at the Louth Grammar School, he published, in connection with his brother Charles, "*Poems by Two Brothers*" (1827). In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1829 he published "*Timbuctoo*," a prize poem. In 1830 he published a volume of "*Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*." In 1832 a volume of "*Poems*" was published, the date of the title-page being 1833. In the latter year "*The Lover's Tale*" was published, and immediately suppressed by the author. In this year also, his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, died in Vienna, a fact important in connection with "*In Memoriam*." In 1842 the two-volume edition of the "*Poems*" appeared. Meanwhile he had left Cambridge without taking a degree, and lived partly at home and partly in London. In 1845 he received a Civil List pension of £200 annually. In 1847 appeared "*The Princess*," and "*In Memoriam*" in 1850. In this year also he married, and was made Poet Laureate, succeeding Wordsworth in the office. He now took up a residence at Twickenham. In 1852 he wrote the "*Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*," and in this year his son Hallam was born. In 1853 he went to live at Farringford, on the Isle of Wight. Here his second son, Lionel, was born in 1854. In 1855 he published "*Maud and Other Poems*," and received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford University. In 1859 he published the "*Idylls of the King*" (the first four). In 1861 he revisited the Pyrenees, where he had travelled as a boy with Arthur Hallam. In 1864 he published "*Enoch Arden*," etc. In 1865 and 1868 a baronetcy was offered him, and both times refused. In 1869 he took possession of a new home in Sussex, near Haslemere, and was elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Other volumes were published as follows: "*The Holy Grail and Other Poems*" (1869), "*Gareth and Lynette*," etc. (1872), "*Queen Mary*"

(1875), "Harold" (1877), "The Lovers' Tale" (1879), "Ballads and Other Poems" (1880). This latter year he declined the nomination for Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. In 1883 he accepted an offered peerage, and became Baron of Aldworth and Farringford the year following. In 1884 were published "The Cup and the Falcon" (performed in 1879 and 1881 respectively), and "Becket." Other volumes were as follows: "Tiresias and Other Poems" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," etc. (1886) (this volume included "The Promise of May," previously performed in 1882), "Demeter and Other Poems" (1889), "The Foresters" (1892). He died October 6, 1892, at the age of eighty-three years and three months.

Joseph Ernest Renan was born February 27, 1823, at Treguier, in Brittany. He was first educated by the priests in his native village, then sent (1836) to the Collège de St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, at Paris. In 1839 he studied at Issy, an adjunct of St. Sulpice, and in 1843 entered St. Sulpice itself. Here he studied Hebrew and Syriac. In 1845 he gave up all idea of the priesthood, left the seminary, and taught for three or four years in a Paris school. He obtained a prize for an essay on the Semitic languages in 1848. In 1849 he published "L'Etat des Esprits," and was sent on a mission to Italy by the Academy of Inscriptions. In 1851 he received an appointment in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and in 1852 published "Averroës et l'Averroïsme." In 1855 he published his "Histoire Générale et Système Comparé des Langues Sémitiques," and in 1858 some "Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse." In 1860 he was sent on a mission to Syria, being accompanied by his devoted sister Henriette, who died before returning from the journey. In 1861 he was appointed professor of Hebrew in the Collège de France, but the doors were closed upon him after his first lecture, in 1862. The "Vie de Jésus" appeared in 1863. This was the first volume of "L'Histoire des Origines du Christianisme," the others being as follows: "Les Apôtres" (1866), "St. Paul" (1867), "L'Antechrist" (1873), "Les Evangiles" (1877), "L'Eglise Chrétienne" (1879), "Marc-Aurèle" (1880). In 1870 he was restored to his chair at the Collège de France. His remaining works include: "Mission de Phénicie" (1865-74), "Nouvelles Observations d'Epigraphie Hébraïque" (1867), "La Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale" (1871), "Dialogues et Fragments Philosophiques" (1876), "Spinoza" (1877), "Caliban" (1878), "L'Eau de Jouvence" (1880), "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse" (1883), "Nouvelles Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse," (1884), "L'Abbesse de Jouarre" (1886). He became a member of the French Academy in 1878. The last great work of his life was a "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël," of which three volumes have been published, and the others are said to be completed in manuscript. He died October 2, 1892.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Lord Tennyson's funeral took place in Westminster Abbey, October 12. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, conducted the services. Included in them were two anthems: one by John Frederick Bridge, to the words of "Crossing the Bar"; the other by Lady Tennyson, to some unpublished words of the poet. It was a graceful act on the part of Lord Hallam Tennyson to invite the Minister of the United States to act as one of the pall-bearers at the

funeral of the dead Laureate. Mr. Lincoln was unable to accept the invitation, as he was just about to leave for America; but his place was taken by Mr. Henry White, Secretary of Legation. The people of this country feel that Lord Tennyson belonged to them as well as to those of England, and he is doubtless as sincerely mourned on this side of the water as on the other. As long as the people of the two countries have a common language and a common literature, the English nation must mean more to us than any other in the world, and little acts of international courtesy like the one above mentioned serve to strengthen a tie that should remain as sacred as it is natural.

Many people seem to be exercised by the question of the vacant laureateship. There is, of course, only one English poet whose name can seriously be considered in that connection. Mr. Swinburne is now as easily the first of living English poets as Lord Tennyson was but a few days since. The mention of such men as Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Lewis Morris, Mr. Robert Buchanan, or Sir Edwin Arnold, as possible laureates, is simply amusing. Far better let the office lapse entirely than allow it to settle to the level of Southey, or perhaps of Pye. But with so noble a poet as Mr. Swinburne at hand, and one who has shown so peculiar an aptitude for the sort of occasional poetry required of a laureate, there is no reason why it should not be continued for another life at least. The succession of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Swinburne, is one to which future centuries, when thrones and laureates alike are no more, may still point with pride when they review the literary annals of the past. Whatever we may think of Mr. Gladstone as a politician, he is generally believed to be personally generous and magnanimous, and he will hardly be prevented from nominating Mr. Swinburne because the latter has applied to him the epithet of "tonguester" and others equally uncomplimentary. But very likely Mr. Swinburne would not accept the appointment if offered. There are things in his literary past that might rise up against him with the persistency of Banquo's ghost.

With display of the sort of enterprise for which our newspaper press is only too notorious, a New York paper, not long ago, surreptitiously obtained a copy of the poem which Miss Harriet Monroe was commissioned to write for the dedicatory exercises of the World's Columbian Exposition, and printed it in full, accompanied by what was stated to be a portrait of the author. The poem, although evidently reproduced from an official copy, was so full of blunders, and in every way so vilely printed, that it bore about the same relation to the original that the alleged portrait bore to the author. It is unfortunate that this really dignified and noble piece of work should have been thus treated, from a literary no less than from an ethical point of view. From the latter, indeed, the proceeding was disgraceful; and should Miss Monroe sue the offending newspaper for violation of copyright, she would have our best wishes for success. The Chicago newspapers acted with much courtesy in the matter, refusing to take advantage of the New York piracy, and unanimously agreeing to defer publication of the poem until after the dedicatory ceremonies.

The magnificent offer made by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes to the University of Chicago is one of the most notable of recent events in the history either of science or of education. Mr. Yerkes agrees to equip the Uni-

versity with an observatory, and a larger refracting telescope than any now existing. It is stated that he is prepared to devote half a million dollars to this praiseworthy purpose. An objective no less than forty-five inches in diameter is spoken of, and steps have already been taken to secure the necessary discs. The University is certainly fortunate in its friends, and too much praise cannot well be given to the exhibition of public spirit on the part of its benefactors. We presume it to be the wish of Mr. Yerkes that the new observatory should be erected in or near Chicago, but it is a serious question whether so large a telescope as that proposed would have an efficiency at all proportioned to its cost under the unfavorable atmospheric conditions necessarily attendant upon such a situation. The superiority of the mountain observatory has been so clearly demonstrated during the last few years by the work of the staff at Mt. Hamilton and of Professor Pickering at Arequipa, that we hope both Mr. Yerkes and the institution to which he makes his generous gift will think twice before they commit themselves to the erection of the great instrument in a distinctly unfavorable situation. It would doubtless be gratifying to have the observatory where it could be seen by admiring visitors to the University, but it would not best serve the interests of astronomical science. It is extremely doubtful if an objective of more than twenty inches diameter can be used to advantage in the neighborhood of Chicago; it is certain that more and better work may be done with instruments now existing than could possibly be done with the proposed giant refractor should it be pointed skyward through the troubled medium of a great city's atmosphere. But in any case, the new University will have the credit of possessing the finest instrument in the world, a credit which likewise, for a number of years, attached to the original Chicago University.

General B. F. Butler is now engaged in a lawsuit relating to the publication of his book, and the proceedings have elicited some interesting testimony from the publishers called upon as witnesses. A writer in the New York "Critic" reports the following: "Mr. H. O. Houghton, of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., declared that nine-tenths of the books published do not realize profits to the publishers. Books published by subscription, he said, have a greater sale than books disposed of to the trade. This point reminds me that another witness declared it was the ability of the canvassers and the amount of pushing given by the publishers rather than the fame of the author which regulated the number of copies sold. This other witness, Mr. Knight of Brooklyn, the manager of the Methodist Book Concern, testified that his establishment often sold largely books whose authors were unknown. 'We keep a book carpenter,' he said 'whose business it is to get up books on subjects we select.'" A survey of current publications usually affords only too abundant evidence of the 'book carpenter's' industry, but a more euphemistic form of phrase is generally used, both by himself and his publishers, in describing his occupation.

Dr. J. M. Rice's series of articles on the public schools of this country, begun in the October "Forum," promise to be of much value. Dr. Rice has spent several months in studying the schools of our principal cities, and has relied, not upon reports and official information, but upon actual examination of work done in the class-room. He spent all the school hours of al-

most every school day for nearly six months in this sort of observation, and witnessed the methods of some twelve hundred teachers. Perhaps the weightiest statement made by Dr. Rice in this opening article is of the attitude of the public toward the common schools. The citizens of most communities talk a great deal about the excellence of their schools and think them (or say they do) the best in the country; but the pride that thus finds expression is, as a rule, "founded neither upon a knowledge of what is going on in other schools, or even in their own schools, nor upon the slightest knowledge of the science of education." The simple fact is that this notion of our public schools being the best in the world is a superstition having little or no basis of truth, and the sooner the public eyes are opened to the fact that German and French schools are in many ways immeasurably superior to our own, the better it will be for our national well-being. Dr. Rice's work is in the right direction, although we think he places too much stress upon the importance of the superintendent's function in a public school system.

COMMUNICATIONS.

WESTERN INDIFFERENCE TO WESTERN AUTHORS.—A REVIEWER'S VIEW.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your correspondent J. M., in a recent issue, lays the blame for Western indifference to Western authors at the door of "the gentlemen employed upon the daily and weekly press" of this city. I happen to be one of the class referred to; and while I am neither authorized nor qualified to speak for my colleagues, I must repel the accusation of prejudice or timidity in my own case. To me, at least, it makes no difference whether a bad book was written in Boston and a good one in Chicago, or *vice versa*. Such critical standards as I possess are conscientiously applied to all books alike, whatever their place of origin. Wrong I have often been, no doubt; but consciously unjust, never.

J. M. throws it in our teeth that we praise books which have already received the approval of Eastern reviewers. As I understand it, he does not blame us for praising "Zury," let us say, or "The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani," but only for letting Eastern critics praise them first. Unfortunately, we cannot help ourselves. The two books named, like many other books by Western writers, were published at the East. Now it constantly happens that new books are reviewed in Eastern journals a week before they come into our hands. Some of the best-known Eastern houses make a practice of sending editorial copies of new publications to local Chicago agents for distribution. These books are not forwarded by express, but are shipped as freight by slow routes, and the reviewer often has to apply in vain for copies of works that are actually on sale in New York or Boston. But a "Chicago book," I suppose, is a book that has been published, as well as written, in Chicago. Perhaps the Western reader defers buying a Chicago book until he is reassured as to its moral tone; for some of our publishers are not as careful in that particular as they ought to be. It is certain, too, that but few Chicago books can compete in general attractiveness with the publications of the best Eastern houses. The apparel oft proclaims the book, and in these days of competition our publishers should

see to it that their wares are displayed to the best advantage.

It is happily true that "the West has a literature of its own—strong, vigorous, and racy of the soil." But what proportion does that literature bear to the whole mass? Newspaper readers want to keep informed of all that is best in current English literature, wherever published. Now a critic receives, let us say, about 1500 books for review in a given year. Half of them are below mediocrity, and these are dismissed unnoticed. But of the remaining 750, how many are published in Chicago? Fifty is a high estimate, I think. And among the fifty how many are entitled to a half-column review, when but three or four columns a week are allotted to the critic? I will leave the answer to J. M. himself.

For my part, I think J. M. overestimates the influence of reviewers. Our power to work harm, like that of other demons, is vilely restricted, alas! We cannot kill a really good book, even when it comes from Chicago. We can only gnash our teeth in impotent rage, like old Giant Pope in the Valley of Humiliation, while the virtuous pilgrim passes on to fortune, fame, and Vanity Fair.

E. J. H.

Chicago, October 3, 1892.

NEGLECTED TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF A VIRGINIA STATESMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As a student of American political history, I have been much interested in the lately published *Life and Works of George Mason*, reviewed in THE DIAL for Sept. 16. It seems to me, however, that two of the most notable traits of Mason's character were overlooked by your reviewer, and were, indeed, inadequately brought out by the biographer. I refer to the perfect sincerity and logical fearlessness of Mason's character—qualities in which he was a shining contrast to some of the distinguished men around him, and which cannot be too strongly emphasized in these days of political expediency and insincerity. Mason's convictions were deep and strong, and were always avowed with such frankness, courage, and modesty, as to command respect and win support. One might question the sincerity of Jefferson—a theorist in democracy as well as everything else,—but never that of Mason. His Virginia Bill of Rights, immortal because it expressed the principles upon which a free government must rest, and dignified the character while increasing the responsibilities of the citizen, takes high rank as a state paper. All power is "vested in and consequently derived from the people." This is the very essence of democracy.

Mason followed his democratic principles to their logical conclusion. He did not believe liberty was for the white man alone. He did not believe that a country fostering slavery could represent the highest form of civilization. His remarks in the Constitutional Convention on this subject have for us great historical interest, and should be read in connection with his life, if one would look into the very soul of the man. Mason opposed the clause in the Bill of Rights permitting the importation of slaves;—"infernal traffic" is what he described it to be. "Slavery," said he, "discourage arts and manufactures. The poor despise labor when performed by slaves. They prevent the emigration of whites, who really enrich and strengthen a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations

cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." He lamented that some of our Eastern brethren had, from a lust of gain, embarked in this nefarious traffic. As to the States being in possession of the right to import, this was the case with many other rights, now to be properly given up. He held it essential in every point of view, that the general government should have power to prevent the increase of slavery.

It was fitting that such sentiments should be uttered by the man who drafted the declaration of the rights of the members of society. But Mason was a broad-minded statesman. His contention that new States should be admitted on an equality with the original States; that local interests should be intrusted to the States to deal with; that the presidential term should be seven years, and the incumbent ineligible for a second term,—all prove his liberality and statesmanship.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

Lake Forest, Ills., October 7, 1892.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST BOOK.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The writers of school-books are, we shall agree, really an important and influential class of authors. The quality of their work is important, since it affects the minds of our youth in their period of special training. For the most part, they are so far below literature that THE DIAL knows naught of them; even the omnivorous Allibone has neglected them. Their name is legion, and a notable share of them are dullards—or cranks!

I have a copy of what I believe to be Longfellow's first book, written while he was Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin. It is a translation and adaptation of L'Homond's "Elements of French Grammar"; it was copyrighted in 1834 by Gray & Bowen; but my copy, of the fourth edition, was published at Hallowell, Me., by Glazier, Masters & Smith, 1837; and the author is described as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at Harvard. Longfellow wrote also (in French) a grammar of the Italian language about the same time; I have no copy, but remember it as a thin octavo, which had a companion volume of tales in Italian prose; I think each volume was of less than one hundred pages. Allibone fails to mention any one of these three, and gives as his first book "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique" a translation from the Spanish, 1833.

Chicago, October 5, 1892.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

A PROPOSED MEMOIR OF THE LATE PROF. E. A. FREEMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Stephens has sent the following paragraph to me, with the request that I submit it for publication in some literary journal in the United States:

A memoir of the late Professor of Modern History at Oxford, Mr. E. A. Freeman, is about to be taken in hand. Friends who may be willing to contribute letters, reminiscences, or other biographical materials, are invited to forward them as soon as possible to the Revd. Prebendary Stephens (Woolbeding Rectory, Midhurst, Sussex), who at the request of Mr. Freeman's family has undertaken to edit the work.

JUSTIN WINBOR.

Harvard College Library.

Cambridge, Mass., October 13, 1892.

THE NEW BOOKS.

GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY.*

Someone (was it Bagehot?) has asserted, with a pleasant touch of Hibernianism, that the people who can write are mostly those who have nothing to tell—or something to that withering effect. This irreverent dictum certainly does not apply to the author of the two matterful, sumptuously-appointed volumes before us. So far from having nothing to tell, he may, in a way, be said to have had too much; for he tantalizingly informs us in the closing chapter that his “best and most interesting reminiscences” are those he has been “obliged to reserve for another volume.” For this reservation the writer probably has personal reasons, sound and sufficient—to which the fact that the volumes issued contain a minimum of “gossip” as to people now living furnishes, perhaps, the clue. The work as it stands, good as it is, would, however, have been materially strengthened by the omission of some of the lesser chit-chat in favor of the weightier matter withheld. The narrative is written, very properly, *currente calamo*, with the single purpose of setting before the reader as directly and as pleasantly as possible the author’s personal recollections of men and women notable for their social rank, ability, or personal singularity, during the first seventy odd years of the present century. The writer has wisely abstained from diluting his recital with moral or other extraneous comment, the reader being handsomely credited throughout with intelligence enough to note a bearing or to draw an inference for himself. The interest of the book rests solely in the interest of its matter. The author is merely the *raconteur*, treating his material objectively, without effort at style, and without those piquant displays of personal temper—or ill-temper—which furnish the zest, one may almost say the substance, of so many similar works. Most of the stories given are, to the best of our recollection, fresh, though the reader familiar with Greville and other diarists will recognize here and there an old favorite. Like the recently-reviewed “Diary of an Englishman in Paris,” the “Gossip of the Century” is issued anonymously, (and we may take occasion to say of the former work that the surmise crediting it to the pen of Sir Richard

Wallace has been upset by the not inconsiderable testimony to the contrary of Sir Richard Wallace himself). While our author has written, as we have said, off-hand, he has, nevertheless, carefully classified his material; the arrangement is excellent, and greatly enhances the convenience and practical usefulness of the book. A word should be added as to the admirable way in which the publishers have done their part. The volumes are throughout notable examples of correct, elegant book-making, and might well allure one to the perusal of matter less interesting than that they contain. The text is enlivened by a great number of illustrations, portraits, cuts from rare prints, etc., a fine frontispiece portrait of Monckton Milnes and one of Walter Scott as a child being especially noteworthy.

The first planet of magnitude that swam into our diarist’s ken was His Majesty George IV., styled by some the “first gentleman,” by others the “first blackguard” of Europe; and a number of anecdotes are given illustrative of the two main phases of the royal character. The author remembers being taken by his father in 1829 to obtain a glimpse of the King as he drove by:

“Leaning back in the carriage and nearly covered by the leather apron, were two gentlemen enveloped in fur-lined coats; for, beside the King, sat the unpopular Duke of Cumberland, his countenance strongly unprepossessing, and his defective eye plainly discernable. The King’s face, though bloated, wore a pleasant expression, and he bowed courteously, with a bland smile, when my father lifted his hat. Both princes were muffled up in those wonderful rolls of neck-cloth, having the effect of bandages round the throat, and apparently requiring throats of peculiar length to suit them; but the fur collars in this case concealed a good part of this now antiquated attire.”

A curious delusion of George IV.’s later years was that he had been present at Waterloo and had himself gained the battle; indeed, one day at a dinner not long before his death, he not only re-asserted this, but appealed to the Duke of Wellington for confirmation. The Duke discretely replied, “I have heard your Majesty say so before.”

So notorious were George’s habits of gallyantry, says the author, that people were scarcely surprised to find after his death that—

“He had had sixteen accredited mistresses, and the packets of *billet-doux*, gloves, garters, locks of hair, faded flowers, etc., found stowed away, bore testimony to the multiplicity of his adventures in the ‘*pays du tendre*.’”

Among other oddities developed by this liberal Lothario was a raven-like proclivity for hiding

* GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY: Personal and Traditional Memories—Social, Literary, Artistic, etc. By the author of “Flemish Interiors.” In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

things away. Despite his usually reckless and extravagant ways, a secret hoard of cast-off clothing was found in his wardrobe that might have moved the envy of Wardour Street; and more than fifty pocket-books were found scattered about in odd nooks, each containing money in smaller or larger amounts, the entire sum amounting to £10,000. Sir Thomas Hammond, who was aware of the King's hoarding propensities, stated that he must have saved up in this way at least £600,000 during his reign. George IV. was by no means without cultivation, and proved himself a competent patron of art, and a skilled connoisseur of articles of *virtù*, of which he had one of the finest collections ever made by an individual. He was not devoid of wit and good-feeling, and the author remembers hearing in his youth of the following incident illustrative of both qualities:

"Driving one day through the Avenue in Windsor Park, he met a coarse, blustering fellow, one of those who entertained no admiration for Royalty; on being told by a companion who sat beside him that the King's phaeton was approaching and that he must uncover, he replied with an oath, and loud enough to be heard by His Majesty, 'I won't take off my hat to anybody.' The King drew up, lifted his own hat, and said with a smile worthy of 'Prince Florizel,' 'I would take off mine to the meanest of my subjects.' The man was dumbfounded, but by the time he had sufficiently recovered himself to return the salute, the King had driven off."

A still neater example of the royal retort courteous was that on the occasion of the King's visit to Dublin in 1821.

"At a court held there, Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of remaining covered when before the Sovereign. George IV., whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer, said to him, 'My Lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your King, but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies.'"

Among the amusing stories related of George's family, the following of the Duke of Cambridge—who had inherited his royal father's habit of repeating three times, ingeniously described by Walpole as "triptology"—is worth reprinting. The Duke, who habitually attended the Sunday morning services at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, often audibly expressed his approbation of the proceedings, to the great delight of the irreverent; and the author remembers on one occasion, when the clergyman had pronounced the exhortation "Let us pray," hearing the Duke cheerfully respond from his pew—"Aye, to be sure; why not? let us pray, let us pray, let us pray!" Again,

while the commandments were being read, he was heard to remark approvingly—"Steal! no, of course not; musn't steal, musn't steal, musn't steal." The Duke of Brunswick, brother of Queen Caroline, and son of "Brunswick's fated chieftain" who, at Waterloo—

"Rushed to the field, and, foremost fighting, fell"—
was a still more eccentric specimen.

"The detail of his unconventional practices and habits would require a volume to itself. . . . He possessed a collection of silk wigs of various hues, but all consisting of small *tire-bouchon* curls; his face was liberally painted with both red and white, and his toilet was painfully elaborated, while diamonds of the finest water glittered upon his garments wherever they could possibly be applied. Of course when he wore evening dress he had a better opportunity for displaying these gems, of which he had the largest and finest collection in the world. It is said that one night in Paris, being at a fashionable *soirée*, the ladies crowded round him to an extent which at first flattered his vanity considerably; but at last their persistent curiosity became troublesome, and to one of the fair bevy who remarked, '*Mais, mon Dieu, Monseigneur, vous en avez partout!*' he replied, '*Oui, Madame, jusque sur mon caleçon; voulez vous que je vous les fasse voir?*' . . . His diet was as curious as the rest. It was wonderful how he would go into one confectioner's after another, if anything in the *étalage* took his fancy, and he would eat daintily, but plentifully, of *bonbons* and *petits fours* at any hour of the day. He was constantly to be seen at Tortoni's, where he would consume an unlimited number of ices, and when there, instead of ordering up any specified confectionary, preferred lounging into the store-rooms, and tasting here and there, often as much to kill time as to indulge his palate."

Yet, strange to say, this begemmed and be-painted fop, this ringletted devourer of sweets, had, in point of personal bravery, the heart of a Paladin—bearing out the Duke of Wellington's experience that the dandies in his army made the best soldiers. The warlike episodes and hairbreadth 'scapes in which the Duke of Brunswick figured, his gallant attempts to regain his lost principality and his political standing, read more like fable than reality. He was a dangerous man to affront. Shortly after coming of age he conceived an intense hatred for Count Münster ("*Le Monstre*," he styled him), vowing nothing would satisfy him but taking that minister's life. While awaiting his opportunity, he had an effigy made of the Count, and spent two hours daily in the Quilp-like diversion of firing at it with a pistol. In 1827 he sent a cartel, of which the Count very properly took no notice, his semi-royal challenger having selected, as his second, Tattersal the horse-dealer.

Our author's "Court Gossip" occupies only about a third of Volume I., the remainder of it

being devoted to social, political, and literary celebrities, and the liberal professions, while Volume II. is wholly given over to recollections of the stage and the atelier. We may here leave the menagerie of royal and noble personages, and pass on to people whose claims are less adventitious.

That vigorous character, John Horne Tooke, had a strong repugnance to matrimony, and he often tried to inspire his friends with his own sentiments on the subject. One of them, bent upon perpetrating the fatal blunder, received from Tooke some sagacious advice as to preliminaries:

"This consisted in urging upon him the absolute necessity of obtaining from reliable sources every possible detail of his intended wife's antecedents, moral, material, and financial, and then of devoting as long a period as possible to the most scrutinizing personal vigilance, in order to ascertain the exact truth for himself; when absolutely satisfied on every point, the only allowable course for him was to provide himself with a fleet horse, to be ready saddled and bridled on the wedding-day, and to ride away from the church as swiftly as possible *before* the ceremony took place."

When Tooke was on trial for high treason, he suddenly resolved that he would speak in his own defense, and sent word to that effect to his counsel, Erskine:

"'I'll be hanged if I don't,' said Tooke, by way of emphasizing his intention. "'You'll certainly be hanged if you do,' was the smart retort.

Though our author never saw Byron's Countess Guiccioli, his friends who had furnished him with data for a very unflattering portrait:

"One of these gentlemen assured me that her complexion reminded him of boiled pork (!) and another asserted that her figure was absolutely shapeless; that she was not beautiful, and that so far from possessing any grace or elegance of style she had the appearance of a short bolster with a string around its middle. Worse than this, it seems that the Guiccioli waddled like a duck; her feet, which were as large and flat as Madame de Stael's—immortalized by her enemy Napoleon, when he described her as standing on her '*grand pied de Stael*'—aiding in the suggestion of this simile."

We are sorry to add that our author, incited thereto perhaps by Napoleon's example, comments upon Byron's "in-fat-uation" for his stout charmer!

Some interesting facts are furnished as to George Eliot, in a description given of that rather abnormal establishment, The Priory, where the great novelist and her "friend" George Henry Lewes entertained so many literary and artistic notabilities and their Mæcenases. The text, we may add, is accompanied by an especially hideous portrait of "Mrs." Lewes, inspiring one with a higher opinion of George

Henry's hardihood than of his taste. George Eliot, says the writer,—

"Was by no means sparkling in conversation, indeed her social attributes were rather of the heavier, almost Johnsonian, order, and her remarks were often sententious, though apparently not designedly so, for there was obviously no intentional arrogation of superiority, though perhaps an almost imperceptible evidence of self-consciousness. The impression she left was that of seriousness and solid sense, untempered by any ray of humor, scarcely of cheerfulness—Lewes, on the other hand, was really witty, interspersing his conversation with natural flashes of humor, quite spontaneous in character, which would continually light up his talk; even when he said bitter things he had a way of putting them amusingly."

Toward Dickens, the writer is anything but friendly, animadverting severely upon his "heartlessness," his "recognized lack of the instincts of a gentleman," his "immoral life," etc., etc. He and Dickens were once chance fellow-travellers on the Boulogne packet:

"Travelling with him was a lady not his wife, nor his sister-in-law, yet he strutted about the deck with the air of a man bristling with self-importance; every line of his face and every gesture of his limbs seemed haughtily to say—'Look at me; make the most of your chance. I am the great, the *only* Charles Dickens; whatever I may choose to do is justified by that fact.'"

This description is coupled with an anecdote that, to our thinking, rather takes the sting out of it:

"A friend of mine whose countenance—perhaps it was the cut of his beard—might by a stretch of imagination be said to bear some resemblance to that of Charles Dickens, told me that having lunched at a Station refreshment-bar one day, he had drawn out his purse to settle the account, when the 'young lady' of the counter, with bashful gestures, absolutely declined accepting any payment; she had shown herself obsequiously attentive, and now begged he would freely help himself to anything he required 'free, gracious (*sic*), for nothing.' His astonishment was great, and was not diminished when he found that he had been actually mistaken for Charles Dickens, and in that character was not required to liquidate his expenses!"

It may be needless to add that the "Station refreshment-bar" in question was not the celebrated one at "Mugby Junction." The writer has not much to say of Carlyle, but quotes with evident relish Greville's curt dismissal of that pseudo-philosopher—who may be said to have kept his philosophy, as Heine kept his brilliancy, for the printer:

"Dined at the Ashburton's, where met Carlyle, whom I had never seen before. He talks the broadest Scotch, and appears to have coarse manners, but *might perhaps be amusing at times*."

Assuredly, in the "diarist," Death has an added sting for notable people.

The second volume—considerably the larger of the two, by the way—is devoted, as we have

said, to the stage and the studio, the painters taking up rather more than a third of it. To this portion of our author's reminiscences—rich in memories of Braham, Malibran, Vestris, Lablache, Liston, Macready, Paganini, Vernet, Turner, Landseer, and a throng of names scarcely less brilliant—we shall not attempt to do justice in the way of extracts. The description of Paganini is especially graphic. Between this "Michael Angelo of Music" and the great Mme. Malibran an amusing tilt once took place. It was once reported to Paganini—"That the great songstress, while recognizing in him a 'violiniste au delà de la première force' had added: 'mais il ne fait pas chanter son instrument.' Deep was the maestro's indignation: 'Ha, ha!' said he; 'c'est comme ça; attendez que je lui fasse voir'; and he forthwith challenged his fair critic to perform a duet with his violin which should take either part, and that with the limited resources of one string. Malibran thought it prudent to decline this contest, but the violinist could not thus swallow the affront. Shortly after, both were to perform in the same concert. Malibran was down for *Di piacer*, one of her most splendid successes; Paganini was to follow; he chose the same music, and divesting his violin before the public, of all but one string, he called forth all his genius, all his skill, and so marvelously simulated the *prima donna's* voice and execution, that the audience, mystified beyond expression, were persuaded that the tones could only be vocal, and that Paganini was not simply an instrumentalist of magic power, but a vocalist who, moreover, owned a splendid falsetto. . . ."

Thomas Gray once said that "if anyone were to form a book of what he has seen and heard, it must form a most useful and entertaining record." It might be added that the record will, *ceteris paribus*, gain interest as the men and things seen and heard are more important; and that those who have enjoyed unusual opportunities in this way have incurred thereby a debt to posterity. Our author has been one of these, and he has handsomely discharged his obligation.

E. G. J.

THE PRESENT BATTLE-GROUND OF EVOLUTION.*

In the literature of Evolution, Dr. August Weismann occupies an unique position. With the single exception of Herbert Spencer, no other of the followers of Darwin has shown such boldness of hypothesis or originality in discussion. The writings of no one else have been so freely criticised, or have in such a degree acted as a stimulus to research.

*ESSAYS UPON HEREDITY AND KINDRED BIOLOGICAL PROBLEMS. By Dr. August Weismann. Edited by Edward B. Poulton and Arthur E. Shipley. Authorized translation. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

In two series of essays, Weismann has treated the subject of Heredity and its relations to Evolution. In the first series the author challenged the truth of certain doctrines in Biology which had in greater or less degree been taken for granted by previous authors. The so-called Lamarckian principles of the inheritance of acquired characters, Weismann denied *in toto*. This principle has been admitted by Darwin as a large factor in Evolution. It was recognized by Herbert Spencer as one of the foundation-stones in his system of philosophy, while many of the later evolutionists, especially in France and America, had emphasized it even to the degree of belittling or ignoring the "Darwinian principle" of Natural Selection. While the tendency to Lamarckism was at its height, and the greatest stress laid on the inherited results of use and disuse, effects of environment, habit and experience, the absolute denial of the existence of any evidence of such inheritance on the part of a trained naturalist and able writer could not fail to produce a decided sensation.

At the same time Dr. Weismann gave a denial of two still older dogmas,—the first, that natural death is a necessary attribute of all living beings; and the second, that the purpose or essence of the process of fertilization is a process of vitalization or rejuvenescence, or in any way a process to which these metaphorical terms could properly apply. These negative assertions accompanied a most remarkable piece of constructive work,—the development of a theory of the physical basis of heredity, of which all these negations form a part. This theory is so simple and so beautiful as to create the impression that, if not true, it must lie in the direction of the truth. At the same time, the testing of its validity opens a multitude of new fields for investigation, some of which have already yielded most important returns.

Omitting minor matters and technical details, the theory of Weismann may be stated as follows,—the first two paragraphs being given in his own language:

"Organic bodies are perishable, while Life maintains the appearance of immortality in the constant succession of similar individuals, the individuals themselves passing away. A single cell out of millions is specialized as a sexual cell. It is thrown off from the organism and is capable of reproducing all the peculiarities of the parent body, in the new individual which springs from it by self-division and the complex process of differentiation."

Experiments show that the laws and methods of heredity are essentially the same in all

organized beings. They show also that the physical basis of heredity is located in certain parts of the plasm of the germinal cell, being confined to certain structures in the nucleus of the cell. The continuity of the germ-plasm from generation to generation is the basis of heredity.

The process of fertilization is essentially the mingling of the germ-plasm of two reproductive cells. Its essential purpose is the production of variation through the mingling of two strains of ancestral qualities.

The continuity or immortality of the germ-cells is comparable to the "immortality" of one-celled organisms. These undergo change by cell-division, one animal splitting into two or four creatures similar to itself, the original organism disappearing in the process but not dying. These organisms are not subject to natural death, as to die involves the leaving behind of a dead body or corpse, while their cell-division and change leaves only live products. Accidental death as a result of injury or mutilation could of course come to all living structures. A one-celled organism must be wholly well or wholly ill, as it is a single life-unit. A many-celled organism may suffer loss or injury in one organ while others are in a normal condition. So natural death may come to compound organisms as the result of gradual wearing away of important organs.

The new organism is "made up bit by bit of inherited structures, as a new house is made up of fragments of an old one." A large part of our heritage is unused, and may remain latent for one or more generations, and is yet susceptible of being transmitted.

The process of conjugation among Infusoria (the sexual union of two like organisms followed by an interchange of nuclear substance) is not for purposes of "rejuvenescence" but for the purpose of producing variation. From this simple process arises sexual reproduction (called by Weismann "Amphimixis," double crossing), as a specialized condition of the same process, and existing for the same purpose of the production of variation.

Differentiation of sex in the process of specialization is to the advantage of the species, the sexes and the sex-cells (ova and spermatozoa) having been primitively alike.

"Whatever is useful becomes necessary as soon as it is possible."

Whatever (structure, instinct, habit, or quality) ceases to become useful shrinks away until it is harmless. The process of "Panmixia" (universal crossing) or cessation of selection

largely accounts for this disappearance of structure no longer useful.

Parthenogenesis (the development of eggs without fertilization) exists wherever for any reason Amphimixis is not useful to the species, as where (among plant-lice, etc.) very many similar individuals should appear at one time and "on short notice."

Natural death is a necessary result of complexity of structure and specialization of cells into organs with different functions. It becomes necessary so soon as it is useful to the species. Thus, in the process of Evolution of the higher forms, simplicity, ignorance, and immortality have been exchanged for specialization, sensibility, pain, and death.

Thus far the views of Weismann may be accepted as in possible accord with the results of most workers in this field at present. But the following propositions have been strongly controverted by able writers, and the discussion of their truth or falsity is the present battleground of Evolution:

The germ-cells are fundamentally different from the cells which make up the body. While the body-cells in the multicellular organisms (ontogenetic or somatogenic cells) change and disappear, the germ-cells (phylogenetic) persist unchanged, and from them is built up the next generation. They are analogous to the immortal bodies of one-celled organisms. These germ-cells are sheltered from outside influences within the body (soma) to which they give rise. They are in no way affected by the environment of the *soma* or body, and they remain unchanged by any incident in its experience. Consequently, "*Acquired characters are never inherited.*"

It is generally admitted that the inheritance of acquired characters has been taken for granted, rather than proved, by Darwin and Spencer, and their followers. It is admitted that the evidence for such inheritance is comparatively scanty, and most of it susceptible of interpretation on the basis of the Darwinian principle of Natural Selection. On the other hand, there are many cases of Evolution which seem to be more naturally explained by inherited experience, or the "transmission of reaction tendencies," in accord with the Lamarckian principle, rather than by the hypothesis of Natural Selection. However few the cases of such transmission may be, a single one would prove the contention. If inherited characters are even once transmitted, it cannot be true that the process is imaginary.

With the present interest in this discussion, and activity in these studies, we may reasonably hope before many years to know the truth. Just now, naturalists are nearly equally divided between the Neo-Darwinians, as the associates of Weismann have been called, and the Neo-Lamarckians, who believe that the "soma" and its experiences play some part in Heredity. The majority of English writers are now ranged upon the former side; while in America and France the Lamarckians are in the ascendancy, and the same side has probably a numerical majority in Germany. Herbert Spencer observes:

"Considering the width and depth of the effects which the acceptance of one or the other of these hypotheses must have on our views of Life, Mind, Morals, and Politics, the question, Which of them is true? demands beyond all other questions whatever the attention of scientific men."

The views of Weismann have been styled the "Gospel of Despair" by some of those who see the key to the elevation of the human race in the direct inheritance of the results of education, training, and ethical living. This does not, however, seem to me a just criticism. Whatever is true is true, and our philosophy must adjust itself to it. The gradual advance of higher types is a fact accomplished, whether it be through Natural Selection alone, or whether it be by the joint action of Natural Selection with the supposed more rapid process of inherited experience. The single agency would seem to demand longer time, but there is time enough in a universe in which "Time is as long as Space is wide." Civilization is not so much a change in human nature as a storing up of human achievements. It has been defined as "the sum of those contrivances which enable human beings to advance independent of Heredity."

The first essay in Weismann's second volume, "Retrogressive Development in Nature," is a popular account of the process of degeneration in Evolution from the Darwinian standpoint, the kiwi or wingless bird of New Zealand being taken as an illustration. The second essay, on the "Musical Sense in Animals and Men," is an attempt to explain the development of musical ability, without supposing the results of its cultivation to be inherited. The third essay, on "Certain Problems of the Day," is chiefly a defense of Weismann's own position against Lamarckian critics. The fourth essay, the longest and most important of the series, is devoted to the explanation of "Amphimixis,

or the essential meaning of Conjugation and Sexual Reproduction." This essay is a highly interesting *resumé* of discoveries in the process of fertilization, and the bearing of these discoveries on Weismann's theory of heredity.

In general, this work cannot be too highly praised. It contains, however, some evidence of striving to make a point, by reasoning in what seems to be a circle. It is evident that many phenomena here discussed do not yet admit of a satisfactory explanation. Professor H. F. Osborne, one of our highest American authorities on Heredity, has predicted that the publication of this essay will mark the decline of Weismann's influence on naturalists, and the consequent re-advance of the principle of Lamarck. Be this as it may, we recognize in Weismann's work the utterance of an honest, clear-headed, thoroughly trained worker, and his theory of Heredity marks an epoch in the history of Evolution.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

PICTURES FROM THE PACIFIC.*

Every now and then, some world-weary soul, tired of civilization and its restraining conventionalities, conscious of the resurgence of primitive instincts and no longer seeking to hold them in abeyance, chooses to take flight,

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,"

and finds in the sea rightly called Pacific something of the peace that comes from communion with nature and association with the unspoiled types of humanity. Now it is Herman Melville or Charles Warren Stoddard; now it is "Pierre Loti" or Robert Louis Stevenson. And of the isles in which such wanderers find a haven we may say, as the poet says of the fancied isles of his imagination,

"Faithful reports of them have reached me oft,"

for these men have taken the world into the secret of their contest, and have told us, not "in characterly dim," how well they succeeded in that return to nature of which Rousseau and Wordsworth yearningly and eloquently wrote, but effected only imperfectly and in part.

High among the classics of the literature that records such experiences must be placed

* SOUTH SEA IDYLLS. By Charles Warren Stoddard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TYPE. A Real Romance of the South Seas. By Herman Melville. New York: United States Book Co.

OMOO. By Herman Melville. New York: United States Book Co.

the romantic tales of the late Herman Melville and the idyllic sketches of Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard. These works, by a curious coincidence, have just found a simultaneous reproduction in tasteful editions, and make their appeal to a new generation of readers. While it can hardly be said that they have been forgotten, they have become dusty memories to many who once delighted in them, and to most younger readers they must come with all the charm of novelty.

The sketches included in Mr. Stoddard's "South Sea Idylls" were published in book form (some of them having previously appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly") in 1873. An English edition published at the same time was entitled "Summer Cruising in the South Seas." The American edition had no great success (a fact which Mr. Howells, in a letter now prefacing the sketches, attributes to the imminence of the panic of 1873), and the English edition was disfigured by hideous illustrations, grotesquely in contrast with the delicate taste of the text. The edition now published omits the preface and epilogue of the earlier one, substitutes a new sketch—"A Tropical Sequence"—for "The Last of the Great Navigators" (why could we not have both?), and adds a new sketch—"Kahèle's Foreordination"—to the original group of three that conferred literary immortality upon the young Hawaiian of the title.

Mr. Howells, in the letter already mentioned, characterizes these idylls as "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean," and adds that "no one need ever write of the South Seas again." This is high praise, but is hardly more than just. In their happy combination of humor and poetic feeling, in their graceful style, and in their simple human sympathy, the sketches are so satisfactory that we cannot imagine the thing being better done. In the author's original preface (here unpublished) he thus states what he has attempted to do: "The experiences recorded in this volume are the result of four summer cruises among the islands of the Pacific. The simple and natural life of the islander beguiles me; I am at home with him; all the rites of savagery find a responsive echo in my heart; it is as though I recollected something long forgotten; it is like a dream dimly remembered, and at last realized—it must be that the untamed spirit of some aboriginal ancestor quickens my blood. I have sought to reproduce the atmosphere of a people

who are wonderfully imaginative and emotional; they nourish the first symptoms of an affinity, and revel in the freshness of an affection as brief and blissful as a honeymoon." Perhaps the best illustration of this text is offered by the sketch called "Chumming with a Savage," and its pathetic sequel illustrates the author's further observation that to these islanders "our civilization is a cross, the blessed promises of which are scarcely sufficient to compensate for the pain of bearing it, and they are inclined to look upon our backslidings with a spirit of profound forbearance." In the amusing new story of "Kahèle's Foreordination," Mr. Stoddard describes his own book as "the chronicle of my emotional adolescence," and refers the reader to "the valedictory, which was written in the days of my enthusiasm, while the almond tree flourished, ere the stars were darkened, and before the grasshopper had become a burden and all the daughters of music were brought low." Since the "valedictory" referred to is provocatively absent from the new edition, we have a double pretext for quoting its closing words:

"The night falls suddenly; the air grows cool and moist; a great golden star sails through the sky, leaving a wake of fire. O Island Home! made sacred with a birth and with a death! haunted with sweet and solemn memories! What if thy rocking palm boughs are as muffled music and thy reef a dirge? The joy bells that have rung in the happy past shall ring again in the hopeful future, and life grows rosy in the radiance of the Afterglow."

When Herman Melville died at his home in New York, a little more than a year ago, the feeling most widely aroused by the news was one of surprise that he had been so recently among the living. To most men of this generation his name is a memory of boyhood, of the time when the Islands of the Pacific first touched the youthful imagination in the pages of "Typee" and "Omoo," when the mystery of the "taboo" first sent a delightful shudder through the frame. The four novels that made Melville famous were published between 1846 and 1851, and, although his pen was at intervals active for a long time afterwards, he did nothing to attract any considerable share of attention during the last forty years of his life, becoming, during the latter period, more and more of a recluse. Mr. Arthur Stedman, who has edited the new edition of the four great novels, thus writes of his later years:

"His evenings were spent at home with his books, his pictures, and his family, and usually with them alone. . . . More and more, as he grew older, he avoided every action on his part, and on the part of his family, that might tend to keep his name and writings before the public. His

favorite companions were his grandchildren, with whom he delighted to pass his time, and his devoted wife, who was a constant assistant and adviser in his literary work, chiefly done at this period for his own amusement. . . . Various efforts were made by the New York literary colony to draw him from his retirement, but without success."

Of the new edition of Melville's novels, "Typee" and "Omoo" have been issued; "Moby Dick" and "White Jacket" are yet to come. These are the only ones of the author's books that are likely to live, and their vitality is due to the fact that they were written in the flush of youth, and largely relate the writer's own stirring experience. Dr. Titus M. Coan, of New York, states that his father, the Rev. Titus Coan, "personally visited the Marquesas group, found the Typee Valley, and verified in all respects the statements made in 'Typee'". The fact is, we are for the most part reading real autobiography when we turn the pages of these fascinating South Sea romances, and knowledge of this may give them a charm that they did not have even for the boy. It is worth noting that the present edition of "Typee" restores certain passages, suppressed in earlier editions, relating to South Sea missionaries and their peculiar methods. While Melville's novels have always had a steady if moderate sale, both in this country and in England, it is fortunate that renewed attention should have been called to them by the present attractive issues. They are classics of their kind, and the world cannot afford to forget them.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Studying the Classics by means of translations.

THE question of the study of the classics through translations is one which scholars can no longer ignore. It is forced upon them by the educational conditions of an age which imperatively demands the culture of Greek literature but has no room for philological niceties on the programmes of its secondary schools. If Greek scholars will not show the public how to use the translations, the University Extension lecturer and the Hegelian allegorist will, and the last state of the "college fetich" will be worse than the first. In recognition of this demand, Mr. Walter Leaf, favorably known to Homer students as the author of the best edition of the Iliad, has prepared under the title of "A Companion to the Iliad" (Macmillan) a selection of exegetic notes which will enable the English reader to study his "Lang, Leaf, and Myer" with something of the critical attention which the scholar bestows on the original. The notes are mainly devoted to the elucidation

of the plot and structure of the Iliad, and illustrations of the life and manners depicted in the Homeric poems. The archæological notes are admirably succinct and simple, and are brought down to date by frequent references to Schuchhardt's Schliemann, Helbig, Miss Agnes Clerke's "Familiar Studies in Homer," and other recent aids. But we think that too much space has been given to the critical discussion of the plot. Matthew Arnold wisely advises the translator of Homer to have nothing to do with the "Homeric question" which has been discussed with learning, with acumen, with genius even, but labors under the insuperable difficulty that there really exist no data for deciding it. This advice may well be extended to the readers of translations of Homer. Mr. Leaf is confident that he can distinguish three "Strata" in the Iliad and demonstrate the conditions under which each was deposited. But he has not convinced Andrew Lang or the Provost of Oriel, who are quite as good Homerids as himself. He urges that a working theory of the plot will in any case stimulate interest in the study of the poem. This is unfortunately only too true. But it is the wrong kind of interest—an interest like that awakened by reconstructions of Macbeth as a Greek play, for example. It will not help the English reader to a joyous appreciation of the supreme poetic beauty of the Iliad, to the emotional uplifting which Keats, himself a student of translations, felt and compared to the thrill that stirs the watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken. Mr. Leaf, like many other scholars, believes that this cannot be taught, and somewhat inconsistently argues that it is an insult to the reader's intelligence to point out to him beauties which he can discern for himself. But this is a serious error. The majority of us in our unregenerate state, with the natural man's taste for bathos still strong within us, are almost wholly wanting in the sense for distinctive literary beauty. But the development of this sense can be fostered by the right kind of teaching and interpretation of a great classic, as it can be checked and suppressed by the wrong. A companion to the Iliad should omit the Homeric question and fill up the space so gained with poetry.

A novel introduction to Modern Greek.

NEOHELLENICA (Macmillan), an introduction to modern Greek in the form of dialogues arranged in parallel columns, Greek and English, by Professor Michael Constantinides and Major-General H. T. Rogers, is very interesting reading. Incidentally it will convince any Greek student who undertakes its perusal of the truth of the assertion made in the preface that one who has a competent knowledge of ancient Greek can learn the modern language in a month. But let no rash disciple of Professor Blackie imagine that the reverse relation holds good. The dialogues are cast in the form of a continued conversation, on a journey from London to Athens, between a hypothetical Professor of Greek whose

progress in the modern idiom is astounding, and a cultivated modern Greek who is the fortunate possessor of a phenomenal memory and a well-filled note-book. The obliging Greek beguiles the tedium of the journey by producing from the storehouse of his memory or note-book selections that illustrate the gradual evolution of the language from the third century B. C. to our own day. Gibbon has told us how even "In their lowest depression the subjects of the Byzantine throne were still possessed of a musical and prolific language that gives a soul to the objects of sense and a body to the abstractions of philosophy." And Mrs. Browning has said many beautiful things of the "language that lived so long and died so hard,—pang by pang, each with a dolphin color,—yielding reluctantly to that doom of death and silence which must come at last to the speaker and the speech." But the mere titles of the extracts in this book are more impressive than the eloquence of the historian and the poetess. Here is the first chapter of Genesis in the version made by the Seventy for King Ptolemy and the students of Alexandria, and also in the version which American Protestant missionaries distribute in the barracks of the Greek army today. Here is a letter of the Emperor Julian describing the Latin Quarter of Paris and the Island of the Seine as they appeared 1500 years ago; here is a letter from the great modern Greek scholar Corais, describing as an eye witness the events of the "days of October" in the French Revolution; and here a letter of Cardinal Bessarion written thirteen years after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, concerning the education in Italy of the nephews of the last Constantine. Specimens are also given of an old translation of Guarini's "Pastor Fido" with the Italian text for comparison; of a translation of Dante by Constantine Musurus, sometime Turkish ambassador at London; of Byron's "Giaour" and of "Hamlet" in the versions which are still meditated by ingenious aspirants for literary glory at the University of Athens; and passages of the "Odyssey" are presented in the original, in modern Greek and in Butcher and Lang's English. There are Greek songs which are still sung among the peasantry of Greece, songs collected and transliterated by Italian savants among the surviving Greek population of Calabria, ballads and satires of the Middle Ages, ballads of the Greek War of Independence, and modern lyrics composed on the approved Byronic models by the sophisticated young Greeks of to-day. And accompanying all these are copious historic extracts from the chronicles of every age, in which the experiences of the Greek people, in ancient Greece, under the domination of the Romans and of the Turks, in modern Italy, and in the liberated Greece of our time, are recounted by themselves. And all this is written in a dead language which the thoroughly trained American student of Demosthenes and Plato can learn to read in a week.

*Life and Art
in the land of
the Alhambra.*

CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD'S "Spanish Cities" (Scribner) is a pleasantly-written narrative, with an epistolary flavor, of the author's recent trip to leading Spanish cities and points of interest. Gibraltar and Tangier were included. Mr. Stoddard has interlarded the record of his personal experience with apposite historical and descriptive citations, so that his book, aside from its general readability, makes a fair guide-book to the route traversed. Spain is justly becoming a point of increased interest to European tourists desirous of getting away from the beaten track. Its picturesque civilization, retaining through the conservatism of its people so much of the atmosphere and the material shell or exuviae of the past, its fine natural scenery, and, above all, its art treasures, amply repay tourists willing to brave the rather primitive arrangements of Spanish hotels and railroads; and these, as our author testifies, are not so black as they have been painted. The gallery at Madrid is perhaps the finest in the world, and has the important distinction that its gems are undoubtedly authentic, the most important of them having been painted by special order for the palaces of Spain, whose inventories designate them unmistakably by number and description. The Madrid gallery boasts forty-six paintings by Murillo, sixty-four by Velasquez, fifty-eight by Ribera, ten by Raphael, forty-three by Titian, twenty-five by Veronese, sixty by Rubens, fifty by Teniers, and twenty-two by Van Dyck. The Raphaels are all noteworthy, and Titian is nowhere more characteristically represented. Our author's notion of a bull-fight is amusing, and probably not wide of the mark: "I have no special sympathy for the bull as an animal; but if I cared to see him dextrously killed, I would choose a brawny Chicago butcher, who hits the bull with his club, and kills him in a minute, in preference to the splendidly decorated iron-incased blackguards, called *picadores* and *espadas*, who worry the unfortunate animal for twenty minutes, allow him to disembowel a dozen horses, and then plunge a rapier into his heart, all for the amusement of a crowd of cowards, who, if the bull leaps the railing, as he sometimes does, run shrieking from the onset." The descriptions of street incidents, palaces, cathedrals, and picture galleries, the Escorial and the Alhambra, are lightly yet graphically done, and there are several fair illustrations from photographs. The book makes a good supplement to Mr. Finck's "Spain and Morocco."

*The life and letters
of an illustrator
of "Punch."*

THE "Life and Letters of Charles Samuel Keene," whilom illustrator of "Punch," is the title of a work prepared by Mr. George Somes Layard, and published (Macmillan) in a royal octavo volume of marked beauty. The illustrations are very numerous, and here do the artist more credit than their publication in "Punch," for the natural reason that much of their character was lost in the process of

wood-engraving. In this volume they are photographically reproduced from the original pen-and-ink drawings, and in one case the woodcut is printed upon the opposite page for comparison. Mr. Layard's text is made up mostly of Keene's letters, but he draws also upon the reminiscences of friends, and supplies not a little connective tissue of his own. Keene knew a great many interesting people in the course of his life, and the book is filled with interesting *personalia*. The following anecdote about Edward Fitz Gerald relates to a subject that Keene was urged to put into a drawing, but refused to handle on the score that it might be thought painful. The story is told by one of the artist's oldest friends. "While yachting one day with my brother and myself, Fitz Gerald was jerked overboard by a sudden 'jibe,' a mishap which he had been warned might very likely happen. He was calmly reading a Greek play at the time, and when we fished him inboard the book was held still in his hand, and he quietly resumed his reading. I fear I may have hinted that reading a Greek play was deemed rather dry work, but was hardly so in his case; and I remember he declined a proffered change of clothes, saying no harm could be done by a ducking in salt water." This anecdote must stand for the many with which these charming pages are filled. Mr. Layard's memoir is sympathetic; we extract from it two or three of the closing sentences. "To the public his work was so 'easy' and so 'coarse' that there seemed to them nothing wonderful in it at all. It would have astonished them, and does indeed now astonish them, to be told that there is not, nor indeed has been, according to the opinion of some competent to judge, since the days of the elder Holbein, another who could give us work equal in delicacy to that of Charles Keene." His "was a plain, unvarnished life, and in these pages it has been the endeavor to tell a plain, unvarnished tale in keeping therewith. The keynotes to his character seem to have been his unaffected love of all that was true, and honest, and pure, as he saw it, combined with what Mr. George Meredith, in writing to me of him, has aptly called 'his transparent frankness.'"

*Danubian scenery
pictured by
pen and pencil.*

F. D. MILLET'S "The Danube From the Black Forest to the Black Sea"

(Harper) is the literary and artistic result of a Danubian canoe trip planned by Mr. Poultney Bigelow (author of "Paddles and Politics," reviewed in our last number,) and Messrs. Alfred Parsons and F. D. Millet, the well-known artists. According to the original design, Mr. Bigelow was to have supplied the text of the volume, and Messrs. Parsons and Millet the drawings—the former doing the landscape and the latter the figures; but Mr. Bigelow leaving the party after passing the Iron Gates, the literary task devolved upon Mr. Millet, who has acquitted himself thereof with much credit. The narrative is fuller and the treatment more serious than in Mr. Bigelow's sketchy

book, and it is perhaps needless to say that the illustrations possess an artistic value rare in publications of the kind. Mr. Millet's drawings are spirited and graphic, and many of Mr. Parsons's bits of landscape and waterscape recall his charming illustrations to Wordsworth. The trip was made in three canoes as nearly alike in dimensions and finish as the skill of a famous East River builder could make them. They measured fifteen feet in length, thirty inches in width, and about eighteen inches in extreme depth, and the whole weight in cruising trim is placed by the author at two hundred pounds. The party embarked at Donaueschingen, and Mr. Millet gives a detailed account of the voyage, which was accomplished, happily, without any more serious mishap than the ignominious "blowing-up" and severe humiliation of Mr. Bigelow (the self-constituted cook of the party) by a coffee-machine of his own invention. Mr. Bigelow has, we think, modestly passed over this incident in his own book.

*The Bible as
a study in
English prose style.*

It is something of a novelty to deal with chapters from the Bible solely as masterpieces of literature and to consider them exclusively as examples of literary style. Such, however, is the point of view of Prof. Albert S. Cook in "The Bible and English Prose Style" (Heath); and the work has been exceedingly well done. In the Introduction, Prof. Cook claims that one of the chief agencies in the continually growing enrichment and ennoblement of the English language has been and is the influence, direct and indirect, of the Bible. This has been accomplished not only through the employment of its passages in direct quotation and allusion, but through the model it presents of a style of noble naturalness. It appeals to human nature in all its divisions,—to sensibility, to intellect, to the imagination, to the will. The best English prose style to-day is the one which presents most of the Biblical qualities in modern guise. Following the Introduction are illustrative comments consisting of citations from numerous authors on such subjects as Rhythm of the Bible, Rhetorical Features of the Biblical Language, its English Imitators, etc. The Biblical Selections occupy sixty pages, being just half the number in the little volume, and consist of the twenty-six chapters which the mother of John Ruskin required him to learn by heart, and by which he feels that she "established his soul in life."

*A Peacockian
Miscellany.*

DR. RICHARD GARNETT'S charming edition of the works of Thomas Love Peacock, published by Macmillan & Co., is now completed by a supplementary volume of miscellanies. After an editorial introduction, the volume opens with a brief paper in which Sir Edward Strachey, Bart., has jotted down some personal recollections of Peacock, whom he knew in the India House over sixty years ago. The rest of the volume is Peacock's own, and includes "Some Recollections of Childhood," the romantic fragment

"Calidore" (never before printed), "The Four Ages of Poetry" (which "long ago soared into immortality in the eagle grasp of the rejoinder which it provoked from Shelley"), three papers collectively styled "Horæ Dramaticæ" (attempted restorations of as many fragments of classical drama), and "The Last Day of Windsor Forest," a paper probably the last of Peacock's composition. Finally, there is an index of the first lines of the lyrics contained in all the nine volumes of the edition. Of the contents of this volume, the "recollections" are the most interesting feature, and they throw numerous side-lights upon the romances. For example, it is interesting to know that Peacock himself, when a young man, gave up the use of sugar as a protest against slavery, just like his own Mr. Forester in "Melincourt."

A satisfactory and inexpensive edition of Dickens.

To Macmillan's dollar edition of the novels of Dickens, "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Barnaby Rudge," and "The Old Curiosity Shop" have now been added, the previous issues being "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." These volumes are accurate reprints, illustrations and all, of the first editions, and each has an interesting introduction by Mr. Charles Dickens the younger. The volumes have the merit of being inexpensive, and they are highly attractive in appearance. In spite of the many forms in which Dickens is already offered to the public, we should be glad to see this edition made a complete one, for it has few equals at any price, and none at the price actually placed upon these volumes. Mr. Chapman, the English publisher of the novels, has recently made some interesting statements about the undiminished popularity of Dickens. He says, among other things, that "Pickwick" has been produced by no less than eleven London publishers since it emerged from copyright, and that the original publishers have sold over half a million copies of the novel during the past twenty years. This news should be broken very gently to Mr. Howells; others will be glad to hear it, and perhaps will not find it particularly surprising.

Walt Whitman as revealed in his prose writings.

LOVERS of Walt Whitman will welcome a little volume entitled "Autobiographia," published with the poet's approval by C. L. Webster & Co., in which he is made to tell his own life-story in selections from "Specimen Days," "November Boughs," and "Good Bye my Fancy." As THE DIAL has indicated recently, to know "the good gray poet" thoroughly one must become familiar with his prose writings, in which so much of his personality is revealed. In a convenient volume these scattered glimpses of the man who has been so misunderstood have been made easily accessible, and it is to be hoped that the public which rails so freely will now read and inform itself. These pages, so full of the subjective revelation of self, so full of a poet's joy in nature, have a decided flavor of Thoreau, whom Whitman resembled in several strong phases of his character.

Columbian edition of Ridpath's History of the United States.

DR. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH'S "United States" (United States History Co.), in its new "Columbian" edition, is a thick octavo with many illustrations, some of them in colors. It covers the entire period of our annals, from the days when the Indian held undisputed possession of the soil down to the present year. The author has endeavored "to avoid all partiality, partisanship, and prejudice, as things dangerous, baneful, and wicked," and seems to have been fairly successful in the endeavor. One of the chapters contains an elaborate account of the Centennial at Philadelphia, probably to give readers some slight foretaste of what the greater glories of the Columbian Exposition will be like. An appendix contains the Constitution and the other regulation documents that usually go with such books.

Popular discussions of social and political problems.

THE "Evolution Series" puts in pamphlet form a number of "Studies in Applied Sociology," on Man and the State (Appleton), being lectures and discussions before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. These little pamphlets, each containing the presentation of opposing views on social problems, are most valuable for popular reading. Four numbers before us are "The Race Problem in the South," by Prof. Joseph Le Conte and Mr. James A. Skilton; "Education as Related to Citizenship," by Rev. John W. Chadwick and Mr. W. H. Maxwell; "The Republican Party," by Roswell G. Horr and Joseph C. Hendrix; and "The Democratic Party," by Edward M. Shepard and Stewart L. Woodford. They will be welcome to the teacher of political history.

Glimpses of England's ancient local life.

THE latest volume of "The Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Houghton) continues the subject of "English Topography" through Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, Cornwall, and Cumberland, and provides complete indexes of names and subjects. It is very rich in materials relating to family history. "The ancient local life of England is departing," says the editor, "and if we cannot altogether regret this, we can still look back upon glimpses of it with some degree of affection and a great deal of interest. It was solid, true, and picturesque. Timbered houses, surrounding a church, with cultivated grounds stretching all around, is the normal physical feature." This volume affords many of the glimpses here mentioned; to offer anything like a connected survey is not within its scope.

BRIEFER MENTION.

THE "Coming of the Friars, and Other Historic Essays," by that charming writer, Dr. Augustus Jessopp, is published in a new edition with flexible cloth covers, just the thing to put in the pocket when starting on a journey. The chapters on "The Black Death in East Anglia" and "Daily Life in a Mediæval Monastery" are historical papers as important as they are interest-

ing, and no page of the volume is without its contribution of quaint out-of-the-way information. (Putnam).

THAT old-time favorite, "The Initials," by the Baroness Tautphœus, has just been republished in a neat two volume edition (Putnam), and should find many readers, both new and old, in this attractive form. Among other new editions, we note "The Maid of Killena" by Mr. William Black (Harper), and "Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom" by Miss Amanda M. Douglas (Lee & Shepard).

MR. J. K. ELLWOOD's "Table Book and Test Problems in Mathematics" (American Book Co.) is an exceedingly useful little book for the teacher's desk. It includes a collection of 78 "theorems, rules, and formulas," a set of logarithmic tables, and a great variety of carefully selected problems in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry.

"QUAKERS in Pennsylvania" is the title of the latest number in the "Johns Hopkins University" Studies in Historical and Political Science." Dr. Albert C. Applegarth is the author, and his discussion embraces three chief subjects,—the customs and laws of the Quakers, their attitude towards the Indians, and their position upon the question of slavery.

MR. A. M. COOK's "Shorter Latin Course," adapted for the use of American schools by Dr. J. C. Egbert, has just been published by the Macmillans. It is neat in appearance, and, within its limits, very complete. The same publishers send us an edition of Caesar's "Helvetian War," adapted, like the grammar already mentioned, from an English text-book.

DR. D. W. JACKSON publishes a pamphlet entitled "A Discussion of the Drainage and Water Supply of Chicago" (Rand, McNally & Co.) He tells us that he voted for the adoption of the present drainage act, and afterwards came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake. He now urges its repeal, and describes another method of providing for the sewage of the city, a method which he claims will prove equally effective, and cost only a small fraction of what it is intended to spend upon the canal now being constructed.

MERE MENTION must suffice for the following new novels: "The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters" (Cassell) is by "an idle exile," and is published in the "Unknown" library. "East and West," by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale (Cassell), is a story of just one hundred years ago, and recounts the adventures of the Ohio pioneers. "Nor Wife, nor Maid" (Hovendon) is the latest product of Mrs. Hungerford's popular and prolific pen. Miss Kate Jordan, who is responsible for "The Other House" (Lovell, Coryell & Co.) appears to be a new writer. Mrs. Molesworth's "Leona" (Cassell) is a story not for youth only, but one that may be enjoyed by older persons as well.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

Lord Tennyson's posthumous volume will be entitled "Akbar's Dream and Other Poems."

MR. E. C. STEDMAN's essays on "The Nature and Elements of Poetry" are concluded in the October "Century," and are soon to appear in book form.

Isben's "A Doll Home" was played this summer in the Khedival theatre at Cairo, and is reported to have had great success.

"The Overland Monthly" for October has an inter-

esting article by Miss Millicent W. Shinn, on "The University of California."

A firm of Swiss publishers announce a new series of guide-books, of which "Chicago in Wort und Bild" will be the first number.

MR. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has an article, reminiscent in vein, upon the late Mr. Lowell, in "Lippincott's" for October.

The letters of Charles Dickens will soon be published in a single volume, uniform with the Macmillan dollar edition of the novels.

MR. BLISS CARMAN, the Canadian poet, is now engaged in editorial work upon "Current Literature," having terminated his connection with the New York "Independent."

The death of Xavier Marmier, October 11, makes a vacancy in the French Academy, and another opportunity for the persistent M. Zola. Marmier was an archaeologist of wide reputation.

The Putnams will begin the publication this fall of the "Ariel Edition" of Shakespeare's Works. There will be thirty-nine small pocket volumes, bound in flexible leather, with some 500 illustrations by Frank Howard.

The Macmillans are to publish Coleridge in a one-volume edition, uniform with those of Tennyson, Wordsworth, Arnold, and Shelley. This will really supply a long-felt want.

A series of three historical novels from the German of C. Falkenhorst are announced by the Worthington Company. "With Columbus in America," "With Cortez in Mexico," and "With Pizarro in Peru" are the titles.

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow died October 3, in Portland, Me., at the age of seventy-three. The biography of his more famous brother, and numerous hymns, constitute his claim to literary remembrance.

F. J. SCHULTE & CO. announce two volumes of fiction; one being short stories by Mr. Roswell M. Field, the other a novel, the joint production of Mr. Ambrose Bierce and Dr. J. A. Danziger, and partly adapted from the German.

The Scribners have in press a new volume of essays by Richard Henry Stoddard, "Under the Evening Lamp." The papers, which are biographical and anecdotal as well as critical, relate to Peacock, Blake, Fitz Gerald, Lord Houghton, and other authors.

"The Beautiful Land of Nod," an illustrated volume of poems, songs, stories, and allegories, by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is an interesting addition to the juvenile announcements of the season. It will be published by Morrill, Higgins & Co.

A volume of prose essays, entitled "Excursions in Criticism," by Mr. William Watson, will soon be published in England. If Mr. Watson is as good a critic as poet (which would, perhaps, be expecting too much), the book will be an important one.

"The United States Investor" of Boston offers \$1000 in prizes for essays on American cities and towns. The best essay on any American city or town will receive half the above sum. Messrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles F. Crisp, and Julius C. Burrows will act as the judges.

MR. SAMUEL T. PICKARD, 44 Exchange St., Portland, Maine, who is Mr. Whittier's literary executor, desires the loan of any of the poet's autograph letters that may

be of help to him in preparing the poet's biography. All letters sent him will be promptly copied and returned to their owners.

A firm of English publishers announce a series of volumes, to be called "The Bookman's Library," consisting partly of reprints and partly of original matter. The first two, to appear in November and December, will be "The Poetry of the Dial," arranged under the names of the authors, according to a copy marked by Emerson in the possession of Mr. Alexander Ireland; "The Complete Works of Emily Brontë," that is to say, "Wuthering Heights," and the poems, both being reprinted from their first editions, together with a prefatory essay attempting to trace the sources of the novel.

A writer in "The Book Buyer" tells the following amusing story: "One of the effects of the publication of the works of any old author seems to be the arousing of the bureaus of press-clippings to activity. I have seen letters from two different firms, which have been sent to the care of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, addressed to Jane Austen, and containing offers to furnish her with reviews of her book at so much a hundred. Very likely other firms could tell the same sort of story; but one cannot help smiling at the astonishment of Miss Austen had one of these epistles really reached her in the flesh."

The second (July) number of "The Knight Errant" has an exquisite frontispiece in photogravure, reproducing Mr. Walter Crane's "La Belle Dame sans Merci." Mr. Crane also signs an article, "Of Æsthetic Pessimism and the New Hope." A study of Verlaine, two original sonnets, a translation from Leopardi, and a valuable article on typography, make up the chief contents of this beautiful publication. The article last mentioned is illustrated by examples from the books published by Mr. William Morris at the Kelmscott Press.

"The Harvard Graduates' Magazine," a beautifully printed quarterly, is the latest addition to the periodical list. The first issue is dated October, and contains 176 pages. The price is one dollar annually, which can hardly cover the cost of manufacture, unless the subscribers are very numerous indeed. It is published by the Harvard Graduates Magazine Association, Boston, and is edited, under the direction of a council of sixteen, by Messrs. William R. Thayer and Frank Bolles. The opening number contains articles by President Eliot, Professor A. P. Peabody, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. W. P. Garrison, Professor W. J. Tucker, and others, besides a large amount of miscellaneous matter of interest mainly to Harvard students past and present.

Professor Edward Cone Bissell, of Chicago, has published, under the title of "Genesis Printed in Colors," the English text of Genesis, according to the Revised Version, in ink of no less than seven different colors, in order to show the different sources from which the book is supposed to have been compiled. The scheme of analysis adopted is that of Kautzsch and Socin, as given in the second edition of "Die Genesis mit Aeusserer Unterscheidung der Quellschriften," which does not materially differ from the views generally accepted by advanced critics. The London "Academy" says of this publication: "The general result is certainly to give colour to the witty remark that the book of Genesis, if not by Moses, is at any rate a mosaic."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 105 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

- Three Episodes of Massachusetts History: The Settlement of Boston Bay, The Antimonian Controversy, and A Study of Church and Town Government. By Charles Francis Adams. In two vols., 12mo, gilt top. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.
- Itinerary of General Washington, From June 15, 1775, to December 23, 1783. With portrait, 4to, pp. 335, gilt top, uncut edges. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.
- A French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II. From his Unpublished Correspondence. By J. J. Jusserand. With portraits, 8vo, pp. 259. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.
- The Eye of the French Revolution. By Edward J. Lowell, author of "The Hessians in the Revolutionary War." 8vo, pp. 408. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.
- The Coming of the Friars and other Historic Essays. By Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D. 12mo, pp. 344. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Quakers in Pennsylvania. By Albert C. Applegarth, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 84. Johns Hopkins University Studies. 75c.
- Historical Essays of Macauley. Edited by Samuel Thurber. 12mo, pp. 394. Allyn & Bacon. 80 cts.

BIOGRAPHY.

- The Diplomatic Reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, P.C., 1837-1862. In 2 vols., with portrait, 8vo, uncut. Cassell Publishing Co. \$6.00.
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POETRY.

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